

## NOTICES.

The Editor wishes to thank Miss Davis and Miss Feiling for their kind help with the address list.

In a few cases a date has been placed after an address; this means that the student has not given information of her address since that date. Mrs. Northcote (née Dixon) and Miss Beddow are "lost" (since last January), and information as to their whereabouts will be gratefully accepted.

It may be of interest to students to know the following items of news. Miss Jennings is now headmistress of a large girls' school in Frere, Natal. Miss Monro is superintending thirteen village schools in German East-Africa, and is training, or helping to train, men teachers. Miss Robotham has just been made Diocesan Superintendent of Sunday Schools in the Derby District. Miss Franklin is at present working in the maternity hospital, established at Châlons-sur-Marne by the Friends' War Victims Relief Committee. Miss Barnett has returned to England from Switzerland, but is still engaged in translation work for publication. Miss Bevis is in France, nursing with the Red Cross. Miss K. S. Wood's health has broken down, and she has gone for six months to stay with her sister in Davos. Miss L. Beatty was married on December 22nd, and is now Mrs. Thornton Ripley. Miss D. Yeo and Miss S. Adie are also married.

Students will like to hear how much Miss Mason likes her lamp. One boss is in the drawing-room by her couch, and one is by her bed, and the lamp is moved from the one to the other. It behaves in the most exemplary manner, never smokes nor smells, and is, we hear, just what Miss Mason has wanted for years. It gives good light, and the shade is a constant pleasure.

As Miss K. S. Wood has unfortunately had to go abroad for her health, she has shut up her house in Tunbridge Wells,

and has asked Miss W. Kitching to take over the work of the Scale How Mission Fund. Miss W. Kitching has kindly consented to do so, and subscriptions should be sent to her at 28, York Street Chambers, Bryanston Square, W.

Miss Evans and Miss Faunce have left 13, Chilworth Street, and have moved into a larger and more convenient house, 27, Craven Road, Hyde Park, W. Students' meetings will, by the kindness of Miss Evans and Miss Faunce, be held there in future, on the first Saturday of the month, at 3.30 p.m., as usual. Craven Road is the next street south of Chilworth Street, and runs parallel to Chilworth Street.

A good many students have agreed to the suggestion of having a club room in London. Miss Evans and Miss Faunce could let us have the use of a room at 27, Craven Road, if a sufficient number of members are forthcoming. The suggested annual subscription is £1 1s. Students wishing to join this club are requested to write to Miss Evans at the above address.

A students' meeting was held at 13, Chilworth Street, on November 7th. Ten students were present, quite a good average, though we missed several of the more regular attenders. "Tea and talk" was the order of the day, and we much enjoyed looking at the Conference album of snapshots which Miss Flewker brought with her. Those present were Mrs. Tovey and Misses Kitching, Bernau, M. Conder, Gray, Flewker, Stubbs, MacSheehy, Young, and J. R. Smith.

Nine students found their way to Chilworth Street at the meeting held on December 5th, and it came as news to most of them that this would be the last meeting held there, as by January 2nd the school would be moved to 27, Craven Road. It would have been nice to have had an extra large



gathering as a farewell, but we hope a great many students will go to the January meeting to inaugurate the new régime in Craven Road. We told Miss Evans that she should hire a boy scout for the afternoon to escort the crowds of students from Chilworth Street to the new premises! We shall have many pleasant memories of Chilworth Street, and shall doubtless have many more in connection with the new school, and we wish Miss Evans and Miss Faunce all success in the new venture. Those present at the meeting were Misses Bernau, Davis, Evans, Flewker, Gray, Macfarlane, Stainton, Thomasset, and Young.

The next number of L'UMILE PIANTA will appear on March 15th. All communications must reach the Editor by February 20th.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions for 1915 (3s. 6d.) are now due, and I shall be very glad to receive them as soon as possible. There are still some students who have not sent theirs for 1914, and I should be glad to receive those at the same time.

LILIAN GRAY,  
Hon. Treasurer.

### STUDENTS' LETTERS.

Scale How,  
Ambleside.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,

The first event about which we have to write is our All Hallows' E'en party, which took place this year on the right day, October 31st. At about 7 o'clock the Juniors were led one by one into the class-room, and after passing through the usual "chamber of horrors," found themselves surrounded by sixteen howling witches in tall black hats and purple cloaks, and armed with birch-brooms. (The hats, by the

way, were made of brown paper, and were painted black.) As each Junior entered she was taken to have her fortune told by one of the two witches who were sitting in their camps on either side of the fireplace, and as this took rather a long time the rest of the witches kept things going by dancing with those Juniors who had already passed through the ordeal.

At 7.45, Miss Mason appeared, and the entertainment opened with a scene round the witches' cauldron. When the curtains went aside the witches were dancing fantastically round the cauldron, which was the only source of light to the room, and from which came some realistic coils of blue smoke. Then the first witch reminded the others that it was All Hallows' E'en, the night on which they met together to conspire against mortals, and that they would begin by conspiring against the "Juniors." After another dance, whose purpose it was to cast the spell over the cauldron, the witches came forward one by one, and by the help of the cauldron, announced what tricks they would play on the different Juniors before next All Hallows' E'en. Each witch was responsible for one Junior, but as these conspiracies were somewhat spontaneous and were so personal that they were not always understood by the whole audience, we will not repeat them.

Besides this scene there was a short play, which was entitled "The Mad Tea-party," but in which All Hallows' E'en, Sunday tea-parties, and "Alice in Wonderland," were all introduced in hopeless confusion. We thought it a pity that any time should be wasted by such a foolish entertainment, and so even the Mad Hatter and The March Hare brought their knitting to the tea-party: the Dormouse was, of course, excused on account of his inability to keep awake!

The entertainment was, as usual, varied by the introduction of several songs. Two of them were on nature study,



one being sung by "Mr. Thornley" himself, and the other by a most gorgeous butterfly, who complained of having had to leave her soft cocoon and sought the reason of it from Mr. Thornley. Another song took the form of a farewell to the Juniors, and the fourth, which was set to the tune of "Funiculi Funicula" in the Students' Song-book, gave a description of the horrors of the workshop, and lessons on child pianist, painting, and reading.

The entertainment closed with a display of "Emotional Drill," which last year's Seniors will remember having seen at the picnic given by their Juniors. The only difference was that this time the drill was performed by hideous witches, two insects, and the "Mad Tea-party" guests. After this we went to St. George's for supper, and then came back to duck for apples and to hear ghost stories, told by Witch Jezebel.

Our next exciting event was the arrival of the new inspector, Professor E. T. Campagnac, on Friday, November 20th. As usual, he was to have arrived the evening before, in order to choose the lessons, but to our despair the trains were very irregular, and Professor Campagnac did not come to Scale How until 8.30 the next morning. The lessons were then chosen, and at 9 o'clock the first three students were in the class-room ready to start. The rest of that day and the next were taken up with classes, given by the members of the staff, and with language examinations. These latter were not conducted in the usual manner, as the Professor was only able to spare us two days. For German and Italian, Professor Campagnac marked us for what we did as regards reading and translation, in lessons given by Miss Parker: in French and Latin he examined us himself, but we did not go in couples as the students have done in other years.

Saturday's work ended with a scouting demonstration,

which took the form of "A wet afternoon's scouting." Three Peewits came into the room and signalled a welcome to Miss Mason and Professor Campagnac, and then the rest of the Peewits entered in couples, all singing "Rule Britannia." After saluting the Union Jack, they separated into groups, and were given practice in tests by the various Scout-leaders. Mr. Campagnac appeared to be very much interested in these classes on surveying, first-aid, etc. Unfortunately he had to leave early, and so was not able to watch the competitions with which the demonstration ended.

A few days later Miss Mason read us a message from Professor Campagnac, which quite made up to the Seniors for the ordeals through which they had passed. It was to the effect that he was sending one of his books on "Composition" for the Library, and that he also had the pleasure of sending a little book of his own on "Poetry and Teaching" for each of the senior students. These books arrived before the end of the term, and we were much delighted to find that Professor Campagnac had written in each of them.

On November 30th we went to a lecture on Belgium, given to the Belgium refugees by Dr. Hough. You will be interested to hear that there are about twenty refugees living at Low Nook, the house just below Scale How. These, together with the two whom Miss Mason is boarding in the village, and a few others who are in Ambleside, form quite a Belgian colony. On Saturday, December 6th, we had a small entertainment for them up at Scale How. This was entirely in the hands of Mademoiselle Mottu, and consisted of several songs, both English and French carols, and the English, French, Belgian and Russian National Anthems. As a diversion from the songs, Miss Stoddart gave us the tambourine dance and the sailor's hornpipe, and Miss Whitfeld and Miss Bowser danced the minuet. Mademoiselle then asked Mr. Yates to give his little entertainment, and we, as



well as the Belgians, were much amused by his repertoire of songs and his introductory remarks. The fun was not yet over, however, for Barrow next offered to give us a few steps of the clog dance, and after this had been gone through in a wonderful manner, we had it repeated by one of the little Belgians.

On Monday, December 8th, we had the Children's Christmas Party. The school children's play took a full hour and a half, and then, after tea, one of the students recited "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," telling the children that the Pied Piper was shortly going to pay them a visit. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and the Pied Piper burst into the room. He appeared to be in excellent spirits, and at once asked the children if they had ever been to fairyland. If not, and if they cared to go, they had only to follow his music. Thereupon he led the children out of the class-room through the dining-room and library, and back to the class-room again, but it was to a transformed class-room. The curtains had been pulled back, and in the centre of the stage, on a high throne, sat the Fairy Queen. Icicles (of cotton wool!) hung from the ceiling, and quanties of frost lay all around, for the whole stage was made to represent the cave of the ice-fairies. Around the queen were eight ice-fairies, who were singing "The First Noel" (dresses, wings, and all had been made of white crinkly paper). As soon as all the children were seated, the queen read a letter from Father Christmas, saying how sorry he was not to be able to be present, but that he was especially busy this year taking presents to the poor children whose fathers were out fighting. Then Cinderella's fairy god-mother was summoned to recite "The Jabberwock," after which the fairies danced "Gathering Peascods." No sooner was this ended than a tinkle of bells was heard outside, and a little elf appeared with a sleigh heaped up with presents. The names on the

presents were called out by the elf, and the fairies danced off in turn to fetch the children up to the throne. One of the small children was delighted at the sight of the fairies, and asked us so many piercing questions about flying that we quite expected to have to give a flying performance. However, she was content with a fairy's promise to visit her bedroom in the middle of the night, and when she asked the fairy queen to teach her how to fly, was easily persuaded that flying was not meant for mortals!

The last few days of the term were, of course, taken up with the education examinations. We quite thought that on account of the war we would have to dispense with the end-of-term dance, but Miss Mason evidently meant us to have our usual enjoyment, and the evening passed very happily.

Scouting afternoons have been rare this term, but there have been meetings on Thursday evenings, which have given us the opportunity of making progress with our knitting and shirt-making. The third parcel from Scale How is to be sent off to the front before Christmas.

The Drawing Room Evenings since the last letter have been: "J. M. Barrie," from Miss Whitfeld; "Grieg," from Miss McLeod; "Macbeth," from Miss Whitehead; and "Brahms," from Miss Cowan.

The children's "Schubert" evening took place on December 8th. Unfortunately we were not able to hear all the pieces in the hour and a half, and so, at Miss Parker's suggestion, we held an informal Drawing Room Evening in the class-room on the Thursday evening, and after hearing the remainder of the programme, asked for our favourite songs and pianoforte pieces.

On the last evening a scouting meeting was held to give away the tassels won during the term. Although this was the last and busiest term, yet a great deal of tassel-work was



done. The majority of students won deportment tassels, and several won war tassels. A war tassel is given to anyone who makes successfully a knitted garment and an ordinary sewn garment.

This term we have had the pleasure of attending a course of Oxford University Extension Lectures, given by Mr. Cox in the Y.M.C.A. They have been exceedingly interesting, and have included the following scientific men: Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Count Rumford, Michael Faraday, and Lord Kelvin.—Yours sincerely,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very much interested in the letters from students who were in Germany during the outbreak of the war, and thought perhaps they might like to hear the adventures of a student in France at that time. I went to Châlons-sur-Marne about July 21st, before there was any real talk of war, and the people I was with had great hopes that all would pass off quietly, but that was not to be, and on August 1st orders went out, fixing the mobilization of the troops from midnight of Sunday, August 2nd, and that mobilization was indeed a wonderful thing. For three days the people poured into Châlons, which was one of the centres of mobilization. It was a most moving sight—those grave, rather silent, sometimes anxious-looking men marching along the roadway, each with his little bundle or bag, dressed in their working clothes, going to report themselves at their headquarters, where they received their kit. Such hundreds and thousands came that all other traffic had to be stopped, for they filled up the roadways. There was very little laughter or singing. These men had said good-bye to their sweethearts and mothers and wives; at their country's call they "downed" their tools to take up a gun

and to sacrifice their lives if need be, and it was hard work to keep the tears back as one watched the tide of men going out to serve France. How many will return, I wonder? Yet there was no "grousing," no complaint. Those left behind just had to manage as best they could. The organization was marvellous. The men were drafted to their camps and regiments, and Châlons was swollen to treble its usual size, yet there was no difficulty in getting supplies, etc. Sugar did run out pretty soon, but that was because none came in from Paris. And for about the first week of the war it was impossible to get a Paris newspaper, and the news was stale. My English papers, three days old, often gave me news that was not posted in Châlons until the day after I had heard it.

One other thing that impressed me very much was the orderliness of the soldiers. Not a single drunken man did I ever see. Not one was ever rude or impolite in any way. I do not think the police had any more to do than usual, although the streets after 5 p.m. were as crowded as Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, and that *every* evening, and chiefly with soldiers. There were a few civilians, most of them wearing badges of office, and still fewer women. The roads and all round the gardens and outskirts of the town were filled with encampments, waggons, and picketed horses. In one alley alone I counted more than 200 motor waggons in rows of about fifty. All these had been requisitioned from various shops.

One of the most pathetic sights were the strings of requisitioned horses. They looked so bewildered, and rather frightened. I suppose many of them had never been in a town before, and certainly few of them had ever seen trams. The Frenchman is not particularly kind to his horse, I'm afraid. I do not think he means to be unkind, but he just does not understand, and so has no sympathy.



The day before I left Châlons, August 24th, wounded men from Nancy and Belfort arrived. Châlons was ready with over a thousand beds, but many more men came in than the hospitals were ready for. So they had to be billeted on anyone who could take them. Thirteen were billeted on the house where I was staying, and the whole street brought food and blankets, wine and sheets for them. I had the very great honour of helping to wait on those men. It is a thing I shall never forget.

Some of them, I'm afraid, would never recover; but the gratitude and cheerfulness was a thing that inspired one almost with awe. Several men were wounded in one arm, but they would not dream of allowing me or any other woman to take off their boots or wash their feet. "No, one must put up with the fortunes of war," they joked, "and make one hand do duty for two."

Some were wounded in both hands, and they had to have everything done for them. Every man had, hanging round his neck, a little medal of his patron saint, and each asked to have this in his hands. How shall I ever forget one poor lad fumbling with his dreadful swollen wounded fingers until he managed to grasp the little disc between his finger and thumb, and then the look of content that came over his poor pain-worn face!

One man that I was tending mistook me for a German, and looking up sadly at me, said, in such pathetic tones, "Ah, Mademoiselle, it is your compatriots that have done this to me," and when I said I was English, not German, he said: "What does it matter? We are all in the same case." Poor fellow, his nerve was utterly shattered. He told me how he had hidden in a turnip field when he was wounded and then dragged himself ten miles with all his equipment so as to run no risk of being taken by the Germans. He had three wounds, two caused by shrapnel, but will, I think, recover.

I was very sorry to say good-bye to my "blessés" the next day, but it was, perhaps, as well that I left Châlons then, for the Germans took it a few days later. I understand they did little damage, owing to the good services of the Bishop.—Yours, etc.,

J. MACFARLANE.

Mount Pleasant, Pokesdown,  
Bournemouth.

November 15th.

DEAR EDITOR,

... It occurred to me you might be interested to know that my sister, Kathleen Flower, is nursing at Le Havre. She was "Sister Cambridge" at the Middlesex Hospital when the war broke out, and was accepted at once for army work. She left England on August 14th, after a week at Aldershot. The train in which their "hospital" travelled to Southampton was armoured, and the engine-driver did not know the destination until the train was due to start.

For some time after their arrival they had very little work to do. After Mons they had a very terrible lot of wounded in, and my sister wrote that it had been the most terrible day of her life—she hardly knew how to bear it. These they attended to, fed and rested them, and then shipped them off to England, and shortly afterwards the whole base was hurriedly moved to S. Nazaire. . . . In a week or two they were able to get back to Havre and to work. The men who are not very seriously wounded are sent back to the front when recovered, others are sent to a convalescent hospital near by, and others are sent home when fit to travel. Those who go back to the front, they try to fit out with warm clothes and a change. My sister says they have plenty of bed and hospital requirements, but in some cases (especially at first) had to put back on the men garments



which had been *cut off* for want of a sufficient supply. Since we knew this—for a month or more now—we have been sending regular batches of things out to her; she writes most gratefully for them, and in most cases they are used up within a few hours of arrival. If anyone would care to send some things direct to her, her permanent address, wherever she may be, is, No. 2, General Hospital, British Expeditionary Force. I enclose some extracts from my sister's letters.—Yours, etc.,

E. M. PICKFORD.

LATER.—Sister Kathleen Flower has quite recently been sent nearer the firing line, and has not yet sent her new address.

Extracts from letters from Sister Kathleen Flower, No. 2, General Hospital:

"If you hear of any people wanting to send shirts or socks, old linen or woollen rags, get them to send them to me. We want them badly for the men. We read in the papers that people in England are asked not to send any more, that there are plenty, and yet we have hardly any, and many of the men have not had their socks off for four or five weeks. We have to cut them off. Their feet are in wonderfully good condition considering; the socks are excellent in quality, and some of them have not a sign of a hole in them after all that time. The shirts, too, are excellent quality, warm and comfortable, but in many cases hard with blood, and, of course, dirty. Some of the poor fellows are dreadfully mauled about and disfigured with these horrid shrapnel wounds. The bullet wounds heal wonderfully quickly when the bullet is out, and the men are in surprisingly good condition, and so fat.

"The things we need most of all are woollen helmets, mufflers, gloves, handkerchiefs, and day shirts, as warm as

possible. Socks and jerseys we also use, but are getting some sent now. Cigarettes and chocolate, of course, are luxuries which they also enjoy, and can do with a great deal. The old linen I asked for is not necessary now. When we came out everything was new, towels, cloths, sheets, and pillow-cases. Can you imagine anything worse than washing a very ill patient and having nothing but a hard board of a new linen towel to dry him on? It was like a nutmeg grater, and it was a long time before we could get them washed; but now we have a contract with a laundry."

(November 4th, postcard.)

"Very many thanks for the lovely parcels you sent, which arrived to-day, and couldn't have come at a better time. We had a lot in last night, who were in the same condition as the first batch we had. . . . When these poor men came in in such a condition, I gave them a packet of cigarettes each first thing, and they *were* pleased. Also they had a pair of socks each; we had run out of hospital ones. Everyone would have been delighted could they have seen their gifts used to-day, they were appreciated to the full."

In another letter Sister Kathleen Flower asked for soap; it really seems that they can do with any amount of it.

(Miss K. Flower is sister to Mrs. Pickford and Mrs. Smith and Miss E. E. Flower. She was at the Practising School.)

### A VISIT TO A MONTESSORI SCHOOL.

I have been asked to write an account of a visit I paid to a Montessori School while at Rome. There is really not much to say.

The school I saw was in a convent, was established especially for training Montessori teachers, and was under